THE CAPTAIN OF HIX.

After all folks ain't so worse. It's a simple proposition to state; but holdin' a tight grip on a belief like that seven days in the week includin' blue Mondays and gray Fridaye, is a strain I am't always equal to.

Strikes me the way to get at it best, though, is to begin by admittin' that the pick of us has our punk streaks. Yes, I know that John D. has a favorite motto that runs something like that; but what he means when he quotes it I've never figured out. As for me-well, I ain't pleadin' not guilty, and I hope I ain't boastin' either.

Maybe you'll get me clearer if I come down to brass tacks and tell you about the Hixses. For livin' cut on the hoopskirts, the way we do, there's always neighbors to use as horrible examples. That, s where we've got it on the apartment people in town. They only pick up little hints about the folks that lives overhead, or underneath, or on the other side of the wall from 'em. They can tell you about how one fam'ly has a squallin' baby, and another couple is always scrappin' down the dumb waiter with the isnitor, or that the woman across the way is cultivatin, a screechy soprano voice that ought to be suppressed by law. And that's as far as they go.

But out here in Rockyhuret on the Sound, thirt-two seconds from 42d st., -when you're lucky -why, we get to know the people for a mile around so well that anyone of us could give you all the personal and private hist'ry, past, present, and future, of any of the rest. You don't have to go nesin' after it, either. It just comes to you and there's no dodgin'.

Now, we wa'n't specially excited when it was announced that the Hixses was about to arrive in our midst. Never heard of 'em before, you know, and besides their place was down on the shore road, out of our beat entirely. Course, we couldn't help noticin' the new house as we drove past; for the white stucco gateposts was some imposin'-almost as much esteposts se there was house, as somebody said. Then, when they laid out one of them Italian gardens and built a pergols, and stuck in a summerbouse, and added a cement stable, all on a half-acre plot-well, maybe you

such things over. When the Hixses themselves arrived, though, all that josh afternoons, and I was taking the house, and the house seemed to Stucco gates. I was swingin' fit them. He was sort of a bulky, along innocent and contented. loud dressed gent who'd prob'ly when all of a sudden out dashes been one of these pretty boys one of them bent legged brindle before he fleshed up so much; buildogs. He don't bark but he'd acquired heavy chops growl; but makes right for my along with his forty-eight belt measure, and his complexion had gone bad, and the result was

the sort of flabby, white livered, pie-faced party that I don't take much stock in as a rule. Not that I told him so first time we met, or went around makin' a vicious dive at my

knockin' him in private. I might calves. have remarked causal at home. "Hixe? Oh, he sin't exactly my style." And I expect Hixe would have said the same of me

if he'd been asked.

Didn't take long for us to get acquainted, going in and coming out on the same trains; for Hixe was the kind who knew everybody after the first week or so. He had one of these loud, hearty. hee-haw voices and was addicted to elappin' people on the back and inquirin' how things was comin'. You know the noisy mixer brand?

Mornin's he wa'n't apt to be quite so genial, and that laugh of his seemed a little stagy; but be always made a blaff at the good fellow game. Afternoons he was diff'rent, specially if he she. had stopped at three or four enfect "What would I dot" a on the way to the station. I "I'm no travelin' free lunch."

you might call pickled; but be told his funniest yarne, and imilens talked louder in the smokin' car, and knew the conductor better, at

One of the powlbunch down at the Producell Exchange. Hixa was. Dealt in flour or something Macaba four, shough, and, w simply scoopin' in commissions drag any of us to court it st with a net, they said. Whether us things to the Xacht. days front, bosoman in living of me out of any more the to meet him every night with a der pate from E. Croeby, I yellow wheeled dogoart, and all last I bore up under

advertisement of prosperity.

We've had a few classy dressers out our way before; but nose that ever come quite so near knockin' our eye out as she did, Got up her own styles, so the ladies had it; and if she did she sure was a wonder, for some of them costumes she sprung was certainly ingenious. I didn't see the jupes culottes they said show wore to Mrs. Somebady's she wore to Mrs. Somebody's "Me too," says I. had on, ate didn't wonder they caused riots in Parisa

Still, Sadie said how she had says I. kind of an int'restin' face, and neighbore, she meant to call just the same, and she aid. it happened, Mrs. E. Crosby wasn't at home; but Sadie had est as the pup was," says I. long chat with E. Crosby's mother, a nice, meek, little old lady who seemed glad to see her and Hix, of course, expects an got confidential about what a spology." nice boy-Eddie'd always been to her, and how proud she was of him, and how talented her daughter-in-law was.

"Just think!" says

anyway!"

only it strikes me they're the the front show-case."

See how easy you can drift inthe dog business.

It was one of those nice springy legs eager and spirited. Now costumes like that!" I like most dogs, and gen'rally make friends with 'em; but th one wa'n's there to be "Hello, pup! What's

hurry?" says I, soothin' like. "Gr-r-r-r!" says the bu

With that I faces around, feind with my right foot to daw had on, and before he can jump best tin. more pie jeept avery day."

I've planted the toe of by abis which don't mean I suspiciously under his jaw. That surprise anything that was up. Pact is him some; but he don't know I'd hardly give him a thought on, and before he can jump beet any better'n to come in which I sends in good and and as he whirle I lands lifte him through the gab hor in'. At that I bears a vi the veranda, and looks up to Mrs. E. Crosby standie the havin' watched the wh

ceedin'. "Brute!" says she.

don't look at it that way

"Kieking olo that heartless fashion!"

But it was Mrs. E. Crosby Hixs that was the real traveling advertisement of prosperity.

tea; but Sadie reported that if the Mrs. Hix feels rather had that was really a harem skirt the about it, you know, he goes on #I expect she'd felt better

"Oh, well," says Hix, shrug se she'd met her, and they was gin' his shoulders, "it you in eist on taking such a trifling incident so seriously-"

"I wa'n't half se much in earn-"There, there!" says he. "We'll not discuss it. But, Mrs.

"Does the dog too?" says I, at which E. Crosby flushes up some,

turns on his beel and walks off. From then on all the greetin' I get from him is a cool nod when "Sometimes she will get up in the we meet unexpected and can't "Now, Shorty," says Sadie. We might have smoothed things will you, McCabel" "don't be disagreeable. I've no out then and there. But that "Not me," save 1. "But let's doubt the Hixes are very nice. sin't my strong suit. So mat-What have you against them, ters drifts along, and Sadie gets the high tragedy hints fleft out. "Me?" says I. "Not a thing, don't return the call, like she on a bat, sin't you?" said she was goin' to, and diff sr- "lt's worse than that," says kind that puts all they've got in ent neighbors took sides, and so Hix. "I-I'm ruined!" on. You know how it goes.

That being the case, we don't your state ain't say fit judge of from pilothouse to stoke bole? to sizin' folks up sarcestic? Be- get as intimate with the Hixes whether he's ruined or not. I've He was the brains of the ship. loose. sides, I didn't have any call to as most people around us; but heard plenty of this day-after re- Now your brain ought to be Capput a label on 'em, one way or we couldn't help hearin' more or mores; but gen'rally passes off tain of your craft too. That's Hixee was cuttin a swath. My out! Now how long have you as near as I yes! Dinner parties, teas, Deen on ton souse picnio of you've resigned luncheone, a limousine with two yours?" the need sales and the was dropped. Someway or long way home from the train, men outside instead of a dog | "1-1 began Tuesday," says handy, sopped up any liquid that other, they seemed to fit the which fetches me past the Hixee cart, a French bonne in a white he. new creations for Mrs. E. Crosby of it, en? And in your muchy have got your stometh every other week!

ning in some of them," says the habit long?"

got something to be thankful wanted to forget.

cueinees," esys Badle, "and yet he hardly looks the part."

on their looks, And Hix is get-

and hadn't been moticed by fixin' up some accounts

"Excuse me," says I; "but a slowed for the bear der the eyes, LA

in byouff sage last and to

"What was when poor says I. "le it a periodical, or have you been celebratin' some body's birthday !"

mournin, 'd'd-don't ask me!"

to get it out. "That dog busi- on. "L can never face them ed to say that Oh, I can't, never!" he was groanin'. accabet See? T've no nerves "Ah, slush!" says I. "You've

"You sin't oute in trim for a to straighten things out, too!" debate," says h. "Bu: why dig "No, no!" says he, shudderin'

only last week. He'd attacked important things, because ehape."

"But I can't wait," saye be. "This-this is my last chance. There are others who will have "Don't tell me, theh," says he. cause to think worse of me, I know; but somehow it seemed to me about heart disease, or any of those fore—well, before I halshed for dreadful thinge!"

The couldn't stand it! Don't not, and say it quick! Now, Captain, which'll it be?

"I—I—Thank you, McCabs, I'll go," says be.

"Ab, can the medical tommy."

WELL, it was a great session

been ready with the oily palaver a bad job. Don't try to stop me few years, your head or your we might have smoothed things will you. McCabe!"

She certainly does look stdn- you out good and piecty. Had

"Huh!" says 1. "Then I've ways makes me Ill, - but I

"I see," says I. the plink? " seroe sas sred?" "I'm in an awful bole," mys your way beak to the britige and hear "Debut "You wouldn't be care mistel orders again!" Here - crory one - - every wabee - "Year but I con's of con's! know a lot of rich brokers I Then then I've been plunging says to alempia' down wouldn't plak dut for office boys on detten. They played me for their from their factors

well, thet's wast they're his ship down in shere for," says 1, adfY Ju know, of Bollet Head you relate does saything ned a good thing lie these from business of yours. How'd you come to get in so deep with the

body's hirthday!"

"MqCabe," says be, holdin' Bur'in this dase I knew mother out a shaky, organize stained by sight any way. And sha we hand with the fingernalls in deep just as nice and dear an old lady as Sadte bad descriped. I could "All right, I wont," says I frame up the look that would "Burtake a chair, man! Your come imo them igentle old eyes knees look wabbly. There now was also beard the full details of what was it you came up here how her Eddle had gone to smash and what the look would be like He makes two or three face if by any chance he should carry starts that don't result in any out this finishin' blug of his was sound; but fin'lly he manages somethin', I didn't care to dwell

got to face 'em, and you've got

it up now?" and hidin' his face in his hands. "I don't know," says he. "You don't know what a weak, "There are shough worse mat. silly ase I've been. I drink when tere, God knows, that I must I don't want to, smoke so many leave as they are; but this one cigererter that it has affected my has been on my, mind all day, heart and lungs, eat things that and-and- Well, he was visious, hurr me, and follow where any you know-bit a grocers boy one leads. I've let things go, persons before, too, and-and-,' couldn't decide one way or the "Well, what of it?" says I other, I dread little things too, "You don't suppose I've been like meeting strangers, or opengoin' around grindin' my teeth ing letters, or hearing water run about that all this time' do. you? through a fauset. Oh, it's awful Bah! If you must threeh it out McCabe! It's been growing on agein, wait until you're in me, and I can't think what is the matter."

"I'dan make a guest," says lookin' him over critical.

"I-I couldn't stand it! Don't

"Absenthe medical tommy "Rot!" says I. "You're not rot!" says La "What do I know be traced back to bad dreams," against you; and I suppose if I'd nome ever! All I can do is finish | been runnin, you Hix, these last

"Why," says he, "what do

tain up on the bridge, sin's you. "Gwan!" says I. "A man in bo sin' the whole shootin' match. You've eaten anything that was soain and might be shoved at you, and condition that's enopy to knock gear, from there the mischief has Toat's what's makin' your kneer sadie. "I wish I could design "It ist."; a nabit withme," says tremble and your hand shake. costumes like that?" he. "I con't like the stuff, at May be he's something worse; but

I dogbelle iloge trager t "Business on Hix. sarpaditido ha ata

m: but it's a minu o before he can shake begother enough to walk it. He don't do say the job of brushin', I'll admitrot bits kind of intrests tracia, up proposition. He fronts the dent out of his hat, straightens his tie, and rubs his paim over tile face.

"I suppose I ought to have shave, so matter what happens,

says he.
"Well, you're the boas now,
you know," says I. "Is it shave
'r not?"
"I—I—yes, I'll go get a
shave," says he.
By the time he'd had his face

graped, and his hair shampooned his face massaged, and t boy had finished the brushin' job, he didn't look so much warse than usual. I made him take a good view in the glass. "Now what?" says I,

got outside. "Why," says he, fumblin' nervous with a notebook, "I had picked out a little hotel up town perhaps I had better give you

"Why not put that off until tomorrow?" says I. "I couldn't go through another

night!" eays he. "You mint tried yet," says I.

"You mint tried yet," says I.
"Come on; we can make the sixthirty nine."
"Home!" says he. "I couldn't
face them, I tell you! I couldn't!"
"Well, I'll give you a bed,"
says I, "and I'll see that you get to sleep. Only you've got to decide whether you'll come or

we had, Hix and me, All that night it lasted, and part of the pext day; for, as long as I'd started in with him. I had to see middle of the night to make a dodge each other. Makes you goin' to finish now. Go home about your heart or your lungs! night it lasted, and part of the next day; for, as long as I'd water color sketch of some new feel each other. Makes you goin' to finish now. Go home about your heart or your lungs! night it lasted, and part of the next day; for, as long as I'd started in with him. I had to see with, or the way you don't use him through. And talk about your neighbors carries a grouch "No," says he, "I can't go what's inside of it. Say, who's lain't done so much preschin' I ain't done so much preachin' in all the rest of my life! You'd thought to hear me, too, that I had a corner on all the morals and virtues this side of the pearly ters drifts along, and Sadie gets the high tragedy hints fleft out.

"Just that," says I. "You've of good advice that it's a wonder rung into it, and Mether Hix What sile you, anyway? Been don't return the call, like she on a bat, ain't you?"

"Just that," says I. "You've he didn't get the earache, just don't return the call, like she on a bat, ain't you?" rest of un? Well is it on the job? next afternoon, though, he'd got day you're seen a steamer. Cap his nerves steaded down and his eyes had lost that fishy look. Also I was some hoarse.

"Now, Hix," says I, "I'm done! I'm goln' to turn you loose. You're free to do any fool thing you want to; only a that the orders come from the

room with the gas turned on or not, I couldn't guess. But I'd gone as far as I knew, as I it was

up to him. WELL, I didn't bear a word for three days, and then tere only last night, just as I was closed on the mat, hand in h